

Selections from
With Sunlight Interfering
By
Katy Otto



Kiss / Kill
communication is necessary

Selected works taken from the Kiss/Kill Book
With Sunlight Interfering
By Katy Otto.

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interference

With sunlight interfering – I want to own
it all again, all that I consume out of nervous
energy. When I take the time out for breathing, one
or two breaths, that's the time I use to reflect upon
this.

I was angry and tired and full, my hand
wanted to document this so I could make it change.
Alone is not always sad or who you want her to be.
I don't look at my eyes because I scare easily.
Voices that soar make my eyes burn. I mean
actually blur with tears and joy. Each cell is
jumping in me, alive. Nothing we could ever say
could match this feeling, this bliss.

* * *

I knew just where it was. Five dollars wasted. And the irony in the places we run to put out fires. I grew up five miles underground, fanning these flames. Feeding on doubt and self-injury. I'm hoping you can enter into this, silently, cleanly. Unadulterated by the sovereign web of my worst mistakes. *"it seems our endless hours..."* More than this role you cast me in. More than your defense mechanism. Fingers diggings and clawing at the backs of my knees. A playing field for the most bitter of battles – this sanctuary/my skin. Where words could stop a heartbeat. Your silence is an affront, a challenge to the inquiries that I held like oxygen. Break this spirit and I will sprout new wings. A phoenix in this acquiescence. I know of divinity when I hear this new voice...he makes me remember the joy of believing in myself. Thank you isn't enough.

* * *

so this is more urgent than the depression and lack of inspiration I've been feeling. because you're still frantic, and paralyzing, and poignant. I've never wanted to succumb to anything anyone any song so much. beating this sleep-deprived hypocrisy, the riddle of the overachiever who can't seem to get anything done. when bank accounts deplete like egos and temperatures, when I still remember what it felt like in your bed, like the nervousness that never fades did. sadness so clichéd, depictions so critical. nothing better than rock shows after the rent's been paid.

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